Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue from the Louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his God-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappie gallowes too.

Ros. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beautie darke.

Rose. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it still i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a fauour too.
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest Goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousa
O he hath drawne my picture in
Qu. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, not
Qu. Beauteous, as Incke: a g
Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Co
Ros. Ware pensils. How? Let
My red Dominicall, my golden
O that your face were full of O
Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I
But *Katherine*, what was sent to
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kat. Madame, this Gloue.
Qu. Did he not send you tw
Kat. Yes Madame and more
Some thousand Verses of a faith
A huge translation of Hypocris
Vildly compiled, profound sim
Mar. This, and these Pearls
The Letter is too long by halfe
Qu. I thinke no lesse: dost t
The Chaine were Longer, and t
Mar. I, or I would these ha
Quee. We are wise girles to
Ros. They are worse fooles
That same *Berowne* ile torture
O that I knew he were but in b
How I would make him fawne
And waite the season, and obse
And spend his prodigall wits in
And shape his seruice wholly t
And make him proud, to mak
So pertaunt like would I o'resw
That he should be my foole, a
Qu. None are so surely cau
As wit turn'd foole, follie in W
Hath wisdomes warrant, and
And Wits one grace to grace a
Ros. The bloud of youth b

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